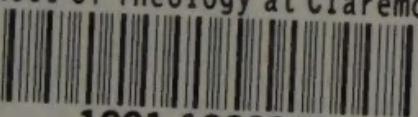


School of Theology at Claremont

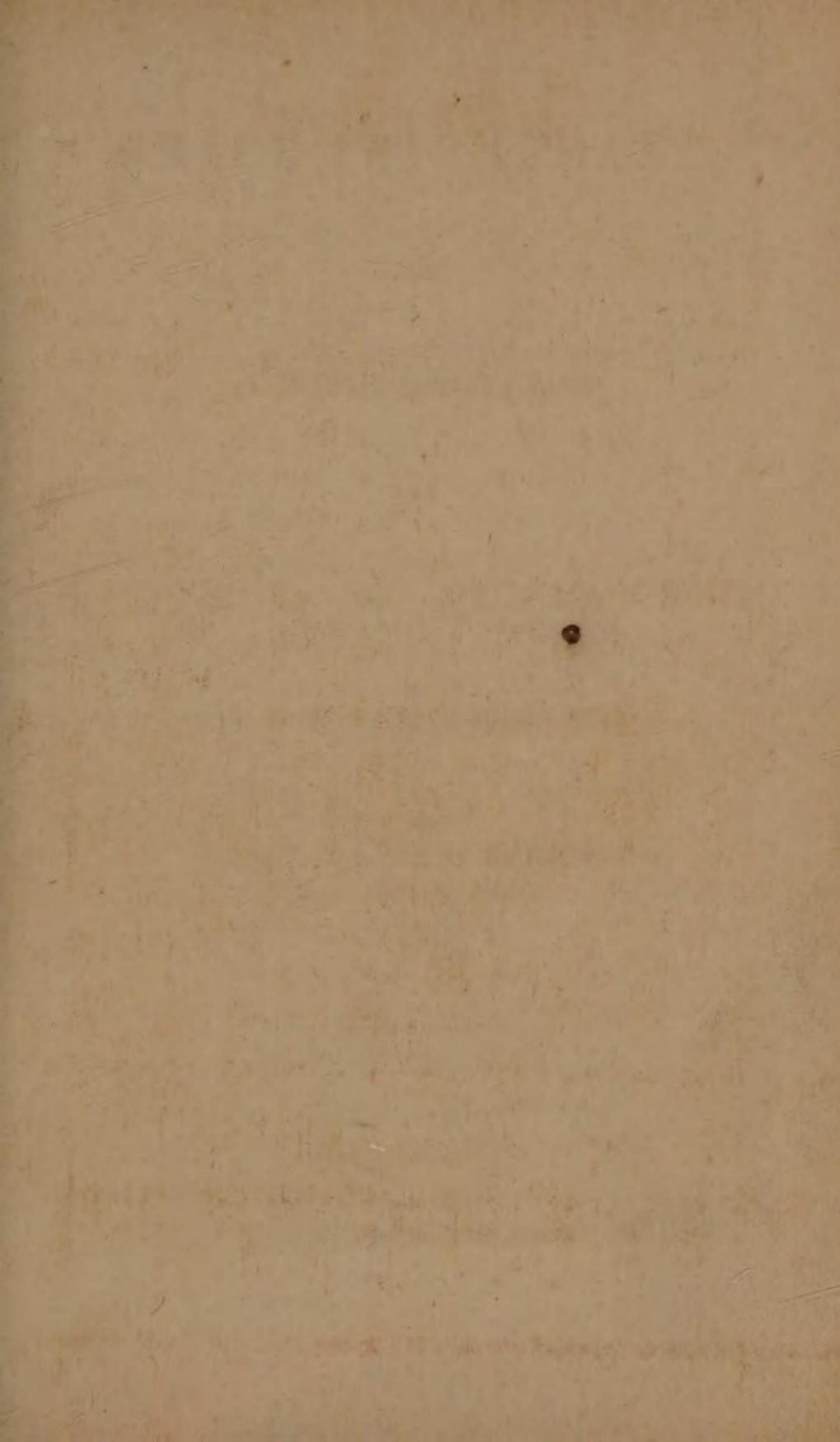


1001 1388361

SKETCH OF
LIEU, ALEXANDER

BR
1725
A6
H4

C 382



БЛАГОДАРСТВО ПРЕДСЕДАТЕЛЯ

СОВЕТА МИНИСТРОВ СССР

ПОСЛАНИКУ ПОСЛАНИКА

СОВЕТА МИНИСТРОВ СССР

GRACE TRIUMPHANT,

OR

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE

BR
1725
A6
H4

OF

LIEUT. R. W. ALEXANDER,

WHO FELL AT THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

BY THE
REV. DAVID HERRON,
MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

THE GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL
SCHOOL OF THE NORTHWEST.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
NO. 821 CHESTNUT STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
JAMES DUNLAP, TREAS.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District
of Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY
JESPER HARDING & SON,
INQUIRER BUILDING, SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

1649

GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

IN A LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY IN INDIA TO HIS BROTHER IN PHILADELPHIA.

You ask me if I have read the life of Headly Vicars. I have. I read it last year when I was at Lodiana. His life was a lovely and wonderful one; but, I think, not more lovely or wonderful than that of the young man who loaned me the book. A few particulars respecting him, I am sure, will not be uninteresting to you, and your interest in them will be heightened by the melancholy fact that he is one of the victims of the present mutiny. He was killed at Delhi.

His name was R. W. Alexander. He was a lieutenant in the 3d Regiment, Native Infantry, for several years stationed at Phillaur, a small military station about seven miles from Lodiana. He was the son of an Episcopal clergyman living in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, Ireland. He appeared to be about twenty-one years of age; was

334813

(3)

about six feet high; of a fine appearance, and, although occasionally suffering in health, had preserved the fair and ruddy freshness of an Irish youth.

He came out to this country between five and six years ago, and like most of the young civil and military officers that come to India, he was wild and thoughtless, and lived for some time as many of them live, who think, in this land where God's law is not acknowledged, that they are freed from its restraints; but God in his sovereignty brought him to a knowledge of the love of the Saviour, and seldom, I think, has the conversion of a soul taken place under such peculiar circumstances. He was living in a country where, as a general thing, the true God is not acknowledged, where his law is not recognized, and where his Sabbath is not known.

He was at a station, where there was no church or chaplain or service. He belonged to a regiment, all the officers of which were irreligious men. In the discharge of his duties as an officer, he had to associate with these men every day, and, in obedience to a military rule, from which a special application on his part did not free him, he had to sit with them every evening at the mess table, at

which profanity was a constant guest. No situation could seem more unfavourable to conversion, not a gracious influence apparently operating upon him. At the same time that he was thus isolated from all good on earth, he had no communication with heaven; for, if I recollect right, I learned from him that his life at this time was almost a prayerless one. When he was alone, the heavenly light shone upon his soul, not when engaged in any form of worship, not by means of any particular passage of Scripture, but lighting up with a glory, the truth that he had known from his childhood. Christ appeared to him in wonderful beauty and love. His heart was filled with a constant and overflowing joy. Reading the Bible and prayer were his constant delight.

He now felt it his duty to warn his fellow-officers of their danger, and to show them the love of God. He persevered in doing this, though they regarded him as deranged, and mocked him, and one of them went so far as to call him a fool, which was considered by his ungodly companions an insult, the disgrace of which could be wiped out only by challenging the insulter. Shortly after his conversion, he was sent to Lodiana with a detachment of soldiers, where he at once made

1 *

THE GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL
SCHOOL OF THE NORTHEAST

the acquaintance of our missionaries of that Station. He enjoyed very much their society, and the means of grace administered in their little church. At this time he experienced the highest spiritual enjoyment. I have never conversed with a christian, who seemed to have been admitted so near to the Saviour, and to have enjoyed so much of the sweetness and glory of his love, as he did for a year or two after his conversion. It was a subject of delightful and inexpressible astonishment to himself. He often made it the subject of his conversation.

He says in one of his letters which I send with this: "At first knowing the Lord, no words that I have ever written or can write, could express what I experienced." When I became acquainted with him in the summer of 1856, he had lost, in some degree, this joyful experience; a loss which he greatly deplored. I was scarcely ever in his company without hearing him speak of the darkness and coldness of his present state, compared with the light and love with which he had formerly been favoured. You could not have been long in his society without knowing that the constant desire of his soul was—"Oh, that I were as in months past!" This loss of his former spiritual

joy was a most painful affliction to him. You may learn this from the letter already referred to, in which he says, "Those only, who know what it is to be entirely Christ's, can feel the bitterness of being put down a step, and looked coldly upon." Frequently in passing the house in which he had formerly lived, when the candle of the Lord shone upon him, he would speak of the delightful communion with God, and the sweetness of the divine presence and love which he had enjoyed in it. He felt that he could not again occupy it as a dwelling, as everything about it was associated with his former joy, and painfully reminded him of his loss.

A consequence of the loss of his rapturous experience was a constant and sometimes painful fear of backsliding. He had no fear of being finally lost. He had no more doubt of his conversion and his acceptance with God, than of his existence; and therefore he felt assured that God, who had "begun a good work in him, would perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." His own words were, "The Almighty himself called me, brought me so far, stirred me up to make a bold profession, and does any work of his ever fail?"

Again he says, "Now it looks as if God had in-

tended to make me the means of doing much good, and after a trial, found me either unable, unwilling, or unworthy, and laid me aside as useless; *but not to be forgotten in the end, because once taken within the fold.*" His distress arose from a fear of falling into sin and of dishonouring the Saviour. At times he rose above the *painfulness* of this fear, and was able to say, "Will he now leave me? No. I *cannot* believe this. It has always been my earnest prayer to devote myself, body and soul, to the cause of Christ. I have never *promised* to do so, for I know what promises are; yet I have asked him to promise in my stead, knowing that he *could* make me do anything, and believing that he *would*." Generally, however, this fear, more or less painful, operated on his mind in producing the most salutary effects. At this time he was growing in faith and in every humble and lovely grace. His longing, panting desire for the return of the holy rapturous joy that he had experienced, when Jesus kissed him "*with the kisses of his mouth,*" and his constant fear of doing anything to offend or dishonour the Saviour, unitedly operating upon him, produced in him unceasing watchfulness and activity.

With the utmost avidity he sought, and with

the greatest diligence he improved, every means and opportunity of growing in grace. It was his love for the ordinances and christian society, that led him to be so much at Lodiana. The companies of his regiment, each in its turn, for a month at a time, were sent to Lodiana on detached duty. It was the duty of the officers of the same rank with himself, of whom there were several, to command successively these detachments. Lodiana being a desolate and unpleasant place, and the officer commanding there having to bear his part of the expenses of the regimental mess at Phillaur, and also all the expense of his own establishment while absent, the appointment was considered a very undesirable one. Mr. Alexander, however, sought the appointment, and generally succeeded in getting it, in the place of others, in order that he might enjoy the religious conversation and exercises of the missionaries. He attended our English service on Sabbath evening, our prayer meetings on Saturday evening, and our monthly concert on the first Monday of every month; always, at the meeting last mentioned, contributing largely to the missionary cause. On all these occasions he remained with us till it would be quite late.

He and I met, also, one evening in the week for prayer, one week at his house and the next at mine. I will ever recollect our first meeting for this purpose. It was at his house. In going to it, I had to ride the whole length of the Station, a distance of between one and two miles. Formerly when Lodiana was a large military Station, for the distance just mentioned, on each side of a beautiful road, made of a lime cement peculiar to this country, were the houses of the officers, buried in trees and shrubbery, with large gateways opening into the enclosures around them, and winding roads leading into them. Now the cement of the road is broken; the houses are in ruins; falling roofs and naked walls meet the eye on every side; the pillars of some of the gateways are lying on the ground, and the gateways themselves filled with drifted sand. There are only four or five houses in the Station that are habitable. Only a part of the house in which Mr. Alexander lived, was fit to be occupied. Its out-buildings, servants' houses, stables, &c., were mostly in ruins; and the hedges and walks, even the trees and grounds, had the appearance of being forsaken. It was just such a place where you would expect to hear the hooting of an owl, or see the flying of bats.

Altogether the scene was one of desolation. It had its effect upon our spirits, especially as we were both in ill health at the time; but, doubtless, it was not unfavourable to the exercise for which we had met. When engaged in prayer, we felt that with the exception of those in the mission premises, ours were the only hearts, out of the multitudes of the adjoining city, that were rising to God, and we offered this as a plea for the out-pouring of his blessing upon us. These occasions, when he and I were alone, were the only times that I heard him pray. His prayers were simple and earnest, and characterized by a reverential familiarity of address which is an evidence and a fruit of intimate and loving communion with God.

His delight and diligence in the private exercises of God's worship were also remarkable. Besides half an hour every morning and evening in private devotion, it was his habit to spend, at least, three hours every day, in the devotional reading, or rather prayerful study of God's word. This was not a task which he prescribed to himself, but an employment in which he found the highest delight. It has never been my lot to be acquainted with a Christian to whom the words

of the Psalmist were so applicable, "His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." "How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" "Oh, how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day." This language was literally true of him. I felt very much rebuked by his example, and, at the same time, I felt instructed by the proof of the divine faithfulness which his success in spiritual things afforded. He did not seek the Lord in vain. He dug deep in his study of the Scriptures, and he was rewarded by much of their "hid treasures."

His mind was stored with their riches, and his spirit was beautified by their ornaments of grace. He observed the law by which God rules, in the kingdom both of nature and of grace. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." "If thou seekest for her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." In view of such an example and such a law, how should we be reproved and alarmed! Another trait of his christian character was his delight in conversing about spiritual things. I scarcely ever met him that the common salutation, "How do

you do?" did not lead him to speak of the state of his soul. As long as we were together, whether in the house, or walking, or riding, religion was the subject of our conversation. If any other subject was introduced, it would be sure to lead immediately to his darling and constant theme. Religion was to him the "one thing needful," in a manner in which I never saw it exemplified in another. Every thing was regarded and valued by him, according to its relation to the religion of Christ. His conversation most frequently turned upon his own experience, and on passages of Scripture which he had been reading, but it was not confined to these. He often spoke with the liveliest interest of the work of missions in this country, and of his desire to be engaged in it, and used to express a great deal of astonishment at the divisions existing among evangelical Christians.

During our acquaintance, we never had an argument. The only subject on which there was much difference of opinion between us, was that of the Second Advent of Christ. His views were the same as those held by Millenarians. His opinions on this subject were formed from a careful study of the word of God, and from conversations with

Mr. Newton and Mr. Leavitt, two of the most spiritual members of our mission, both formerly missionaries at Lodiana. I would like to be able to record some of his conversation, but it is enough to say that it was all *heavenly*. I never experienced anything like it among the most spiritual at home. You know how I was favoured at home in the acquaintance of some of the young ministers of our church, with whom I never met without conversing about the things of the kingdom more or less; but in conversation with this young soldier we scarcely spoke of anything else. You can judge something of the character of his conversation from the accompanying letters, the only communications that I had from him :

MY DEAR MR. HERRON,

I know you had some engagement or I should have seen you this morning, therefore no excuse is necessary. I am sorry the poor little girl is dead, and trust there is some hope for her beyond the grave where we must all go.

The officer relieving me, arrived with his detachment this morning, and is now staying with me. I do not march until to-morrow morning, and I would go to see you this evening, but can-

not leave my friend ; besides having to make arrangements for starting.

I will write to you from Phillaur, and will not fail to remember you at the throne of grace, though I need prayer for myself. Lately my heart has been very hard, and eternal realities appeared very far off ; yet the Lord is always near me, and I trust will keep me from all the temptations to which I shall be necessarily exposed amongst those who know not the Saviour.

Your cause is one in which every body, or I should say many take an interest, and I always pray for it too, and am willing to do my best for it in any way. If you are not engaged, I should be glad to see you this evening. At all events I shall (D. V.) see you next July.

I remain ever your attached brother in Jesus,
3d June, 1856. R. W. ALEXANDER.

PHILLAUR, 9th June, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. HERRON,

I promised to write to you on my arrival here, and have delayed doing so till now, for many reasons. I had a great deal of trouble getting over here, and much to try me, but now I am comfortably settled in a house by myself. The weather

has had a very pleasing change, and to all appearances we are going to have a regular down pour of rain. What a dust storm we had the other day! The bearer of this note will pay you Rs. 5. 2. 0. for the books purchased from the mission library, and I hope you will find it correct.

I have been in great distress lately; indeed for the last two months Satan has had much power over me, but I think much of it is caused by a disordered state of the nervous system caused by the heat. It is a most severe affliction to those who have been peculiarly blessed by the Lord's countenance shining upon them, and embitters every other enjoyment. Want of Christian society and of a place of public worship, and constant witnessing the Lord dishonoured at every step, add greatly to this, and harden the heart against every good principle; yet I trust the Lord will, as he has promised, "make all things work together for my good," for he "knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation." I wish a friend of mine heard Mr. Janvier's sermon the other evening. He was greatly amused at my saying, none but a Christian could be saved, for said he, "It is absurd that God should permit so many religions, and save only the Christians." This is the belief

of so many! If it be true, fortunate must the Hindus be, or the Romanists, who can purchase their way into heaven. I suppose your congregation was very small yesterday; it is a great loss having no church here. This is the only reason I have for wishing to be at Lodiana, as it is a very gloomy place. You may perhaps see me over next month, but I *may* remain here; at all events I shall be over for one day to take over my detachment. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Janvier are quite well. Remember me kindly to them. I fear there is no chance of my being able to pay them a visit. If you ever write to Mr. Newton, please tell him that our friend Serjeant M—— is dead. It is a very short time since we were talking of the heavenly Jerusalem, where I doubt not he now is, and where we shall be, I hope, sooner or later. There is not a word of news. I hope you are getting on well in body and soul. Your constant employment, no doubt, keeps you from feeling dull. I often wish that I had a less worldly calling, but it is all for the best. Pray for me that the Lord will deliver me out of my present troubles and keep me from dishonouring his cause. My enemies are powerful, and the Lord's grace

alone can keep me. My heart has been and is very cold to all religious feelings.

I remain ever your unworthy brother in Christ,

R. W. ALEXANDER.

PHILLAUR, 18th June, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. HERRON,

I was glad to receive your letter by this morning's *dawk*, and am sorry that you have been under the cloud, too; but I hope the cool weather will be beneficial to us both, as when the nerves are affected it affects the mind also. The Lord's band has been very heavy upon me lately, and I have borne it very impatiently, but, without doubt, it was sent in mercy. I have fallen away very much into slothfulness and lukewarmness, and the darkness came to recall me again. What I feel so much is having to stand *alone*, no place of worship, none to talk to of Jesus, having to witness all kinds of iniquity, and never hearing the Lord's name mentioned except as an oath. This is *awful*. I have always felt from the beginning that there was some purpose for this, something for which the Lord was preparing me. This "sojourning in Meshech, and dwelling in the tents of Kedar," has made my life a perfect burthen to me. At

first, "knowing the Lord," no words that I have ever written or can write could express what I experienced; but now it is "stroke upon stroke," and no signs of deliverance, and though I feel there is no condemnation for me, yet there is every danger of a very great deal of spiritual declension. But this is all human reasoning. The Almighty himself alone called me, brought me so far, stirred me up to make a bold profession, and does any work of his ever fail? Will he now leave me? No. I *cannot* believe this. It has always been my earnest prayer to devote myself, body and soul, to the cause of Christ. I have never *promised* to do so, because I know what promises are; yet I have asked him to promise in my stead, knowing that he *can* make me do anything, and believing he *would*. Now it looks as if he had intended to make me the means of doing much good, and after a trial found me either unable, unwilling, or unworthy, and laid me aside as useless; but not to be forgotten in the end, because once taken into the fold. Only those who know what it is to be entirely Christ's, can feel the bitterness of being put down a step and looked coldly upon. Now I pray that the Lord may speak to me through you, and direct me how to act; and, per-

haps, we may have an opportunity of witnessing the Lord's dealings, that he is "very faithful and of tender mercy." Oh pray that the Almighty may enable you to settle my doubts. There is another thing. I never doubted at first but that I was going to die immediately, and this was the only thing that reconciled me to staying a short time in the world, and I felt and acted as one belonging to another world, and sometimes do so now, and can feel a quiet confidence at the thought. This is not a work of Satan's, as *he* would try to terrify me, and it is likely the Holy Spirit's. What do you think? I ask you, as you may have fallen in with such cases before.

What a storm we had the other night! Trees are lying all about the Station which were blown down by it, and my *compound* was full of dead sparrows, poor little "janwars," they looked so wretched. I shall see you (D. V.) on the 2nd prox., but shall stay only a day at Lodiana, having to return here with the company that is there now. The Lord, no doubt, has some reasons for keeping me here instead of over there. Remember me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Janvier, and pray that the Lord will make me "as in months past," and that he will give me a heart of flesh, and take

away this hard one that grieves his Holy Spirit. If writing, reading, and talking of religion would make me holy, how holy should I be! I take so little interest in the salvation of others!

I remain an unworthy brother in Christ,

R. W. ALEXANDER.

A sketch of Mr. Alexander's Christian character would be very imperfect without noticing his tenderness of conscience. This appeared from his constant dread of falling into sin and dishonouring the Saviour, which has been already noticed.

It was very evident also from a constant uneasiness at his being in the army. He felt that there was some inconsistency between his profession as a soldier, and his profession as a disciple of Jesus, and that he ought to be engaged in some more spiritual employment. This was more a matter of feeling with him than of judgment; for his reasoning on the subject always resulted in favour of his remaining where he was, and in awakening a fear that his desire to leave the army might be sinful. He used to say that God's having called him in the army seemed to indicate that he had work for him to do there.

He frequently spoke of the address of John the

Baptist to the soldiers, and of the examples of Headly Vicars, Lieut. St. John, and Col. Gardiner, as proofs that the profession of a soldier was not inconsistent with Christian discipleship. These considerations were sufficient to keep him from taking any steps towards leaving the army, but they did not remove the feeling which I have mentioned. They silenced but did not satisfy his conscience. I firmly believe that, if he had been spared, he would have left the army and become a missionary, and thus have attained his highest earthly desire, to preach the gospel of Christ.

On one occasion in particular, I had an opportunity of observing the tenderness of his conscience. He had been ordered by the commanding officer of his regiment to march on Saturday with a company from Phillaur to Lodiana. The river Sutledge being very much swollen that day, he was unable to cross. The order was repeated on Sabbath, the day following. He obeyed, but although he had been taught to believe that obedience is the first duty of the soldier, and, as I have heard several officers assert since, that only those commanding are accountable for the evil arising from obeying their orders, he felt very unhappy

on the march. After his arrival that evening at Lodiana, he attended the mission church, and after services, accompanying me to my house, he told me the state of his mind and asked my opinion of his conduct. He attempted in some degree to justify himself on the grounds already mentioned, which cannot be fully understood by one not in his circumstances; telling me at the same time that the only course left for him, should a positive order be given which he could not conscientiously obey, would be to break his sword over his knee and give up his commission. Before he left that evening, however, I believe he felt prepared to make any sacrifice in obeying God rather than man.

You will notice that in one of his letters he says, "I never doubted at first but that I was going to die immediately, and this was the only thought that reconciled me to staying a short time in the world, and I felt and acted as one who belonged to another world, and sometimes do so now, and can feel great confidence in the thought." As long as I knew him, he still entertained the belief that he would not live long. This thought, that he would soon die, he often mentioned as a source of great comfort, and a motive to activity. I

recollect one occasion particularly when he spoke of this subject, and of his delight in the prospect before him. Mr. and Mrs. Janvier had gone out a mile or two from the city in tents on account of Mrs. Janvier's health. Mr. Alexander and I spent the afternoon with them, and after tea and worship we returned to the city. As we rode quietly along together, he spoke as I have already said of his early death, and of his desire to depart and be with Christ. It was one of the calm, lovely, moonlight nights of India, of which you have never seen the equal in America. I recollect the scene most distinctly, and have a feeling towards it, something akin to that of Jacob, when he said, "This is none other than the house of God: this is the gate of heaven."

As Mr. Alexander believed, so it happened to him; he met an early death. He was killed at the siege of Delhi. His death was the first that I heard of him after the mutiny of his regiment. I have enquired of several officers, who were with the army at the time, as to the particulars of his death; but the only thing that I have learned is that one evening after an engagement his body was found in a hut with a native officer of his regiment, who had remained faithful, *weeping over*

it. This simple incident is a most touching testimony to his worth, and more desirable than the applause of royalty. His holy life won the affection, and his death excited the sorrow of a heathen soldier.

By nothing that we heard during the fearful times through which we have passed, was I more affected than by the tidings of his death; except, indeed, the murder of our dear brethren at Futtehgurh. My principal feelings, however, were joy on his account. I knew that he was perfectly and for ever free from the fear of sin, which had so distressed him, and that he had met and embraced the dear Saviour, for whom he had such a longing love. Every time I think of him, I think of his joy in meeting and remaining in the society of Christ. It seems to me that the disciple whom Jesus loved, who lay upon the Saviour's breast, and who cried in earnest desire, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," could not have experienced a much higher joy on his re-union with his beloved Master.

Surely the short, beautiful life of this young but highly favoured disciple, is not without its lesson. A tiny moss in the African desert gave life and energy to a fainting traveller, and shall

not this beautiful product of divine grace, blooming and fragrant in this moral wilderness, encourage and strengthen those that are ready to faint in their apparently unsuccessful labours for the spiritual culture of this land? Should we not be encouraged to hope that the same grace will soon make this moral desert to rejoice, and blossom as the rose?

Allusion having been made in the former part of this tract to Capt. Hedley Vicars, it may not be considered inappropriate to give some extracts from the correspondence of that gallant officer and eminent Christian.

"I have no news to tell you, my darling sister. You will, of course, have heard of the grand victory gained by the Allies over the Russians. Whilst I would not have missed the time of the cholera, or have been absent a day while my regiment suffered from its ravages, yet, I must confess, I should have wished to have been now at the post of danger—the proper place for a soldier. I do not think my chief motive in this desire is the wish for military distinction, although ready and willing to do my duty as a soldier. I trust my motives are more in accordance with the

mind of Christ. The carnage of the battle-field has no attractions for me ; but there is a wide field for missionary labour, when the roar of the cannon has ceased, and the deadly strife is over. There are wounded men who have souls to be saved, and dying men to be told to ‘look to Jesus ;’ not to speak of the comfort to a poor soldier of having a ‘friend in need.’ Of this I am sure, that the private soldiers are most grateful for any kindness from an officer, especially when they are sick and in hospital, and they think and talk much of officers who thus visit them, and endeavour to cheer them in their dreary wards. But as God has so ordered it that we should remain here, I desire to give up my own will about it.”

“I have but just emerged from clouds which have obscured Jesus from my view. I seemed to wander in thick darkness, without my loving Redeemer near to be my stay and delight. But great blessings are often sent to us after short trials ; and such I think I am now finding. The Lord Jesus has arisen upon me, and has made his glory manifest to my soul. I feel less *tied down* to this world than I did, and more ready ‘to depart and be with Christ.’ Sometimes I long to do so,

from fears lest I should ever (I will not say fall away, but) do anything which would dishonour my Saviour. And yet what is this but cowardice —wishing to leave the battle-strife of earth for the repose of heaven, with Jesus? Oh, rather would I wait patiently, and look for the coming of the Lord! Shall we not hail that bright and glorious day? ‘The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,’ and our hearts echo, ‘Come, Lord Jesus!’ Then shall no anxious fears for those whom we love, disturb our hearts, warning us that the joys of friendship and of love must end for a time in the cold and dreary grave, for then we shall be changed for ever, and ‘the body of this death’ shall be ‘fashioned like unto his glorious body,’ and we shall be together with the Lord, beholding the majesty of Him who was slain for us—of Jesus, the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

PIRÆUS, Nov. 2d, 1854.

“The order has at length arrived for ‘the 97th Regiment to hold itself in readiness for immediate embarkation to join Lord Raglan’s army.’ The Buffs are now on their way from Malta to relieve us, and will probably be here in two or three days. We are all busily preparing for active service, so I

have not much time to spare; but as there may not be another opportunity, I hasten to write a few farewell lines. There are times when the heart feels more powerfully drawn to those whom it loves best. It is so with me now, as I recall to mind that beloved friend with whom I have had such heavenly intercourse, and from whom I have ever experienced such kindness as I can never forget. May the great God who has kept and preserved us until this day, continue to guard and watch over you, and may your hope, and joy, and love increase as you journey on the homeward road towards that happy land where Jesus reigns, and where he is waiting to receive us !

“ Before this letter reaches its destination, we shall probably be in front of the enemy. God alone knows whether we shall ever meet again in this world; but, after all, what are the few short years we might have lived in the enjoyment of each other’s friendship here, compared to that endless eternity we shall spend together beyond the grave ? My soul has lately had to weather many ■ stormy billow, but (and I know it will delight your heart, ever dearest friend, to hear it) I feel *quite* peaceful and happy now; my own strength was feeble to resist; but Jesus has con-

quered Satan, and never did I love that blessed Saviour more than I do on this day.

“ ‘ Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

“ ‘ Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.’ ”

“ Yesterday I was on guard. About twelve o'clock at night, whilst reading 2 Cor. v., I had such inward joy and peace and comfort, that I felt strongly inclined to awaken the poor fellows who were stretched asleep on the guard-bed in the adjoining room to pray with them, and to talk to them of the love of Christ! And thus it is (for it seems so selfish to keep all this happiness pent up in one's own heart when it might be shared by others), whenever I have been brought nearest to my Saviour, even ‘ into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,’ I have been constrained and forced, ‘ while the fire burns,’ to ‘ speak with my tongue,’ and to make use of the golden hours of communion with Jesus in the solitude of my chamber, to publish, when ‘ I go without the

camp,' what the Lord Jesus has done for my soul ; even for me, than whom a man more undeserving of his mercy does not exist. I felt so merry and happy in that miserable guard-room yesterday. I always make it a rule, after reading to the men the 'orders of the guard,' to warn them against the too prevalent habit of swearing, and, to my great delight, during my whole tour of duty, I did not hear one oath ; and, in addition to this, I had the pleasure of hearing several times the rustling of the leaves of the tracts I had given them ; and two or three times, as I passed through their room, I could see them poring over them ; and about nine o'clock in the evening, sergeant Stephens, drawing his chair (an empty cask turned upside down) near the fire, proposed to read aloud, to which the general assent was at once given, and he read a tract called 'The Young Naval Officer' to a most attentive audience. I was reading my Bible when he commenced, and I could not help stopping and listening. I cannot tell you how happy I felt as I heard him recounting the history of a soul brought to Jesus by the power of the Holy Spirit, and earnestly did I pray that some of those poor fellows might also be led to behold that same Saviour bleeding for them on the cross.

"It grieves me to think of the sorrow it will cause to my L—— and to you should anything happen to me; but for myself, I fear not. If I were trusting to myself in *any way*, I might indeed tremble at the whistling of every bullet, and dread being summoned in an instant before the judgment-seat of Christ; but I can see no cause for alarm, even at the very moment when soul and body are about to separate, with the crimson cross in full view.

"' For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea :
For me the Saviour died.'

"I intend to carry constantly about with me a Testament, my little hymn-book, that precious little Book of Psalms you gave me, and also your last gift, which I have found such a feast to my soul, 'Hawker's Morning Portion.' I think with these I can get on very well in the Crimea. I had a large meeting of officers in my room for prayer last Sunday afternoon. A number of the sergeants and corporals were coming next Sunday, but I suppose we shall not spend another Sunday here; however, there is nothing to

prevent our having our little meetings in the Crimea.

“I received your precious letter of the 15th on my return from a march into the country this afternoon. I thank God you are all well again. Thank you again for your deeply-valued prayers, and thank all those who have so remembered me. May such proofs of Christian love lead me in like manner to remember, when I kneel before the Lord, *all* my friends and acquaintances. The cholera has broken out at Athens, and several people have died; but, from accounts received to-day, it appears to be already subsiding.”

“O beloved sister, may the merciful pity and love of Jesus constrain each of us to adore him more, and to give up our whole hearts to him! Let us earnestly pray for more faith in his atoning sacrifice, for ‘the love of Christ’ is but an empty sound to us until we have by faith seen him nailed to the cross *for us*. Oh, may we ever think of Jesus as our best and dearest Friend and Brother, one whose loving-kindness never changes; and then, in that great day when the thorny crown shall be replaced by the royal diadem, and Jesus as Lord of all shall ask, ‘Lovest thou me?’ our hearts may be able to answer with humility,

and yet with confidence, ‘Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.’ * * * Thank you for praying for me. I must tell you that I never was in better health than at this time, nor in better spirits, as far as I am myself concerned.”

“We did not go on shore till the evening of the 20th. The rain poured in torrents all day. We landed in boats, and were well drenched before we reached the encamping ground, and looked more like drowned rats than live soldiers. It was dark before the tents were pitched. Parties were at once sent out to collect firewood, the wrecked vessels furnishing us with ample materials. Soon, camp-fires were blazing in all directions, and officers and men gathered round them to dry their clothes and warm themselves, for the nights here are bitterly cold. I can assure you I enjoyed some cheese and biscuit not a little. But before I looked after myself, I saw my company as snug and comfortable as ‘adverse circumstances would admit of,’ and afterwards made them a little speech around the bivouac fire, combining, as well as I could, some religious advice with a few words about our duties as British soldiers, and ended by saying, ‘Lads,

while I have life I will stick to the colours, and I know you will never desert me.' (My position in line is next to the officer who bears the regimental colours.) The poor fellows cheered me long and loud. I have had very little trouble with them—less so by far than others complain of. Indeed (though I say it, that should not), I know they like me and would do anything for me; and all officers who treat soldiers like men with the same feelings as their own, and take an interest in their welfare, find they do not see much insubordination nor want many courts-martial. Yet I am very strict with my men, but they soon get accustomed to this. About ten o'clock I read by the light of the first bivouac fire Psalms xxiii., xc., and xci., with Captain Ingram, and derived great comfort and peace from them. One of my brother officers came up to warm himself while I was reading, and begged me to go on (not that I had any intention of stopping.) God grant that he may soon find 'a dwelling in the secret place of the Most High,' even in the heart of the Lord Jesus; and be able to say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I will not fear what man can do unto me.' Resting on Jesus, my precious Saviour, I went to sleep securely.

My bed was made of dried leaves, with a stone for the pillow, and but for the biting cold, I should have slept like a top."

"CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Dec. 15th.*—This afternoon, whilst speaking to our poor fellows in the cholera hospital, who were lying cold and comfortless on the bare ground, rays of sunshine seemed to illumine that charnel tent as I brought the crucified Saviour before those men, for tears glistened in many an eye, and the smile of hope and peace was on many a lip. I feel it indeed a pleasure and a privilege to talk to my sick comrades and fellow-sinners of Jesus; and I am sure that they who never visit the suffering and dying deprive themselves of the purest happiness this life affords. It is painful, often *heart-rending*, to witness agony we cannot alleviate; to see the distorted face and hear the cry of anguish of friends and comrades. But it is sweet to be the bearer to them of glad tidings of joy and peace through the great Redeemer's atonement and love; and to see some of them gently falling asleep, murmuring the life-restoring name of Jesus. *I have seen these, and I cannot find words to tell the delight of hope which has then filled my breast.*"

**THE GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL
SCHOOL OF THE MORTENSEE,**

BR1725.A6 H4

Herron, David, 1820-1900.
Grace triumphant, or, A sketch of the

10

Herron, David.

Grace triumphant, or, A sketch of the life of Lieut
Alexander, who fell at the siege of Delhi. By the T
Herron ... Philadelphia, Presbyterian board o
(1869,

36 p. 15[—].

1. Alexander, R. W., d. 1857. 1. Presby
(Old school) Board of publication. II. T

Library of Congress

334813

